

The Stag's Wife

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/16819066) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/16819066>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warnings:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence , Major Character Death , Rape/Non-Con
Categories:	F/M , M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV) , Game of Thrones (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter , Bedelia Du Maurier/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham , Hannibal Lecter , Bedelia Du Maurier , Chiyoh (Hannibal) , Will Graham's Parents , Freddie Lounds , Alana Bloom , Other Character Tags to Be Added
Additional Tags:	Inspired by Game of Thrones , Alternate Universe - Medieval , Medieval Medicine , Hannibal Lecter is a Cannibal , Cannibalism , Will Graham is a Cannibal , Intersex , Intersex Will Graham , Involuntary exchange , Deals , Arrangements , Attempted Rape/Non-Con , Killing , rough times , Pillaging , Other Additional Tags to Be Added , Forced Marriage , Hannibal hates rude people , Memories , Childhood Memories , Classy Hannibal , The Black Stag , Caring Hannibal Lecter , Tenderness , Kindness , Acts of Kindness , I Wrote This Instead of Sleeping , Nicerish Kidnapping , if that's a thing , gentle persuasion , Mpreg , Spells & Enchantments , Rituals , Fertility Issues , fertility ritual , Magic , Polygamy , Game of Thrones References
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2018-12-03 Updated: 2018-12-07 Words: 7,379 Chapters: 5/?

The Stag's Wife

by [DoIAfraidYou](#)

Summary

Game of Thrones AU

...

Will knows the usual outcomes for the crippled and grotesque, especially if you're not a highborn. Every six months a clan of cannibals ride into Wolf Trap and other towns, and the townspeople give up goods so they won't get hurt. They're always able to provide, until bad times hit. And this time when they come, Will is taken away from his home. He expected to be thrown into slavery, until he learns his true purpose.

Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

From the day he was born, Will and his family have struggled to keep his secret hidden. When the midwife delivered him into this world, his parents begged her not to tell anyone. She kept her promise, but was killed a year later by her husband.

For seventeen years, they've managed to keep Will's secret. If they were a noble house, things could be different, but they're not. He's lucky his parents love him, otherwise they would've taken him into the woods and left him to die.

After breaking his fast, he helped his mother and his father walked back inside, slamming the door shut. "Damn savages."

Will looked up and asked "Father? What is it?"

The older man said "The Black Stags. Jack Crawford said they will be riding down today. We are dead."

Romilda turned to her husband and said "Oh you don't know that-"

"Look at us Romilda, everyone is struggling. The crops are dying. Our friends go hungry and we can't help them. We won't stand a chance when they come."

Romilda grabbed the broom and said "Maybe we could leave."

"Where else could we go? And there isn't time. The most merciful thing that could be done is if I killed us all right now."

...

The thundering of horses in the distance made everyone stop what they were doing. Everyone stood in front of their homes and businesses, everything they can give in their arms or at their sides.

At the head of the party was the Black Stag himself, Hannibal Lecter. Though he wouldn't look like much to people of the higher classes, he's a frightening man. For seventeen years, Will has seen this man in action. A commanding presence, a master with any weapon, an eerie calmness about him when he kills. And unlike the rest of his clan, he treats every kill like a masterpiece. He's a man you will immediately regret crossing.

With the tradition for leaders, Hannibal's clothing was always a little nicer than the rest of his peoples. This time he dressed in a red leather coat and black pants while the others wore black. They brought more women this time and they are just as intimidating. The Black Stag climbed off his mount and the rest followed, hands falling to the hilts of their weapons as they approached.

Hannibal's eyes scanned the new and familia faces, before giving a command to two walking along his side. They nodded and split up, going over to the first two groups. Everyone watched as they were ripping things out of their hands until Hannibal said "Gently now, gently. No need to be rude."

He signaled for others to start collecting and carefully watched them. The more the older man watched, the more he noticed a pattern. "I see hardship has fallen over Wolf Trap."

Nervous enough from the tension, the citizens of Wolf Trap anxiously looked around at one another, and the Black Stag smiled. "No need for worry. Hardship has fallen over many as of late, even for us."

Yet you'll take from us anyway, Will thought. "We'll do better." One woman said, and Hannibal turned on his heel and looked around for her.

The Black Stag smiled. "And I have faith that you will succeed. Keep at it with your prayers and pray hard. Though I do not believe in the gods, who am I to judge others for their faith?"

As they loaded their things onto the back of a cart, and part of Will wishes he was an archer. He'd shoot a flaming arrow at it and watch it all burn. He wouldn't care if they killed him, so long as he'd be the only one who's punished, but it's better than to just let them take it away.

When two reached them, they reluctantly handed their things over and walked away to load them onto the cart. Another one came up, a bulky man with brown hair past his shoulders and a beard that touched his round belly. He studied Will's parents for a moment before turning to Will.

Will felt his father's hand on his wrist and when a meaty hand came up to touch his face, the younger man shied away from it. This made the man angry. He grabbed Will by his throat and squeezed before tearing him away from them.

Will was thrown to the dirt, and he gasped. He went to get up but the man grabbed him by his ankle and pulled him back, causing Will's shirt to ride up. Dropping down to his knees, the man straddled him from behind while his prey struggled to turn on his side. Despite his best efforts, Will was turned back onto his stomach, squirming while his attacker pulled at his pants.

"No! Please, no!"

Suddenly the man stopped and when Will dared to glance over his shoulder, there saw a dagger in his attacker's head. Hannibal pulled it out and pushed the man's body away before pulling a rag out to clean it. He glanced at Will before turning to the others with a smile. "We will eat well tonight, my friends! Load him up."

Turning back to the younger man, Hannibal watched as he quickly pulled his pants back up and moved onto his back. Will was met with a gloved hand and looked up at the older man before taking it. The Black Stag helped him back to his feet and dusted him off before smiling. "Forgive me, dear William. It seems a beast comes out in every man when in the presence of beauty."

Hannibal turned and watched as they struggled to drag the body off. “But there are some who never learn to control it. A sad truth that exists in all walks of life, not just my own.”

Will studied him for a moment before nodding. “Th-Thank you.”

“My pleasure.”

Suddenly, Will Graham felt like he was five years old again. How old he was the first time he could remember Hannibal Lecter. He thought back to one visit where the Black Stag came up to them and smiled at his parents before his eyes drifted down to him. Being the shy child he was, five-year-old Will hid behind his mother, little hands gripping the fabric of her favorite dress.

The older man laughed and squatted down to his level. “And what is your name, little one?”

Will peeked up at him through his lashes and in a small voice, he answered “William.”

The older man smiled and said “It is a pleasure to meet you, William. My name is Hannibal. Do you know why we are here?”

The little boy shook his head and Hannibal nodded. “Well, one day you will understand. And you will see us often. Perhaps you and I could be friends. Would you like that, William?”

His mother reached down and petted his curls, and he looked up at her with big blue eyes before looking back at Hannibal. Though he didn’t smile, Will gave a little nod and the older man’s smile grew. “Well thank you, little one. It is always good to have a friend.” He moved on but before they left, the older man came back and held something out for him.

“For my friend.” In his hand was a small wood carving of a stag. “This was my favorite toy when I was your age. I hope it will give you the same joy.” Will thanked him and took it and they left. He still has it.

...

Just as they finished up, Hannibal turned back to everyone and said “Remember your prayers. I am hopeful this hardship won’t last.” As the others climbed onto their mounts, it looked like something was bothering Hannibal. Scanning the crowd, the older man quickly found Will and smiled. “William. Come.”

All eyes turned to Will and the younger man could only look back confused. The Black Stag then added “You will be joining us.” And his blood ran cold.

“No!” His mother blurted out.

As Hannibal approached the crowd, his mother grabbed his wrist put herself between them. “Please. Not him. You may have me, but not him, not my boy, he’s the only child I will ever have.”

Nodding, Hannibal said “I understand, madam. But I mean him no harm, your boy will be taken care of.”

His father and the Black Stag comforted her as she continued to plead until Will was pulled away from them. Turning to the one pulling Will away, Hannibal stopped him with a single look and said “Be gentle with him now, and give him a horse. And if any harm comes to him, I will cut your ears off and shove them down your throat.”

The man gave a single nod and loosened his grip on Will before leading him to an available horse. Will hesitated before climbing on and looked back at everyone. Hannibal kissed his mothers forehead while she wept and nodded at his father before joining them.

Chapter End Notes

Ugh it's 1:08 AM where I am right now....Sleep? What is sleep? Is it a type of fish? xD.

Also: The inspiration for this story was I saw Will and Hannibal as Daenerys and Khal Drogo (minus the obvious *like the rape of Daenerys from the TV show, and the somewhat better, consenting-ish version from AGoT (cause their honeymoon from the books is always 50/50 with me, but it's better than the show) and in this I see The Black Stags as mix of the Clans of the Vale and the Dothraki, but 70% Clans of the Vale and 30% Dothraki (but obviously more educated.)

And since I couldn't get it out of my head, this happened. More will definitely be coming and I hope I get another writing high like I did for HWAM :3 <3<3<3.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

During their journey, Will couldn't help the ominous feeling that settled in his gut. But he was more confused than everything. Some horses pulled along cages filled with people, who will no doubt become slaves. So why wasn't he in one of them? Why did Hannibal let him ride with them? Maybe he'll be the Black Stag's special slave. Will shuddered at the thought.

They rode through the plains for four days, and he feared every time they stopped to make camp. Hannibal posted the man who pulled him away from his parents outside of his tent the whole time, and no one came in to hurt him. Then they reached another camp.

This camp was close-knit, pelt covered tents in proximity with one another. As they rode up, everyone stopped what they were doing and went to greet them. Women, children, the old, and some men his age were left behind. When they reached the others, it seems that everyone's eyes turned to the stranger on the horse.

Will sat frozen while the others dismounted until Hannibal came up to him. The older man smiled and said "Don't be afraid." He helped Will dismount and Hannibal called out two names.

Two women suddenly appeared, one with red curly hair and big blue eyes, another with dark hair and dark eyes. Hannibal stepped closer to them and whispered something at them, and their eyes quickly went back to Will. When he pulled back, they nodded and the Black Stag turned back to the younger man. He smiled and said "Will, this is Fredricka and Chiyoh, your new handmaidens. I know this is a difficult time for you, but I hope they will bring you some comfort."

Will nodded, and he watched as they went off, leaving him with the handmaidens. They dragged him to his tent and got to work cleaning their journey off him.

...

While they helped bathe him, Will sat in the hot rose water more confused than ever. Handmaidens, pampering, if he's not a slave, what is he then? Looking up at Chiyoh, he asked "What does he want with me?"

Fredricka and Chiyoh looked at each other with knowing smiles and Fredricka said "He wants to marry you."

Will looked at her and blinked. "What?"

"We knew it the moment we saw you two."

It's forbidden, he knows that kind of marriage is forbidden. But then he remembered what they *eat*. Looking down at the water, Will asked "You are certain."

Chiyoh said "Yes. You could see it in his eyes."

Fredricka added "We have never seen that look in his eyes before, not even for his other wives."

"Other wives? How many does he have?" Chiyoh took Will's wrist in hand and held it palm facing up before cleaning it with a rag.

"He has had five. Not all at once, but over time. There is only one left and then you."

Will studied her and asked "And what happened to them?"

Fredricka massages his scalp and said "They're all gone. Not by his hand. All he has left is Bedelia and you."

"They say the Black Stag is cursed...Does he know about you?" referring to what lies between his legs. Will shook his head and Chiyoh asked "And have you bled?"

Will thought back to the first time it happened. Even though she told him that it happens to all girls at a certain age, she told him she wasn't sure if it could happen to him. But one morning he woke up with wetness between his legs and when he pulled back his sheets to look, it came true. Thankfully, it was just him and his mother at home at that time.

Nodding, Chiyoh smiled at him. "Then you have been blessed. Perhaps things will change now."

They told him all about Hannibal and his wives. For years they've tried to have children and haven't succeeded. His first two wives were barren. One lost several babies during the first few months. The fourth miscarried a few but carried one baby to term. But she died in childbirth and the baby died minutes later. His latest wife Bedelia is pregnant right now and is kept under watchful eyes every minute of the day.

"We pray for them. Just as we will pray for you."

"And don't worry, he won't hurt you. He is always good to his wives." Will hopes he could believe that.

...

Will has been at the camp for a month now and everyone is talking and whispering about the wedding. During that time he's met Bedelia several, but the woman never says anything to him. He talked about her one day to Chiyoh and Fredricka while they prepared him for the day.

The first time he ate the meat of a human being, he threw it all up. A few laughed but were quickly silenced by Hannibal, and it was Hannibal and his handmaidens who comforted him. He's still not used to it, but pretends he's eating animals to take his mind off of it.

The handmaidens nodded and Fredricka said “She’s a bitter one, I’ll tell you that. No one knows why she’s like that, she hardly talks to anyone, even him.”

Will shook his head and asked “How could one be bitter even with a child inside them?”

“Trust me, it happens. She’s not the first one I’ve met, but she could change once the baby comes.” If it comes. Suddenly a man came inside and Will was thankful he was dressed.

“He wants to see him.”

...

He led Will into Hannibal’s tent and the Black Stag thanked him before relieving him. When they were alone, Will glanced at the older man and asked “So was this your plan?” Hannibal looked up at him and Will looked down. “Since I was a boy...Was this your plan all along?”

The older man smiled and shook his head. “No. Until our most recent visit, I have always seen you as my friend, even though you hate me. And this time, I knew I couldn’t leave without you.”

Will stared at him before saying “I don’t hate you.” The older man raised an eyebrow and Will continued. “I just hate every time you took from us...From them.”

Hannibal nodded and said “I promised your mother and father that they will see you again. Alive and well, and I intend to keep that promise.” Standing up from his chair, the older man came over and said “Chiyoh told me that you have been blessed.”

Will blushed and looked down again, and Hannibal chuckled. “Do not hide from me, little one. Clearly we are in no position to judge you for your special flower. And I want you to know that no harm will come to you while you are with me. Anyone who tries will regret being brought into this world.”

...

A few days later they married underneath a star-filled sky. Earlier in the day, Fredricka came into the tent and gave Will this beautiful Stag crown. “Your husband will have the same thing on his head tonight. He thought you might like it.”

When it was time for them to kiss, Hannibal gave him a quick one to put him at ease. At their feast, they sat and watched the others. People danced, children played, others laughed with friends and family as they stuffed and drank themselves to bursting.

Throughout the feast, members of the clan brought them gifts, ones made by hand and others stolen during their trips to the towns. Good or bad, Will thanked everyone for their kindness.

A fight broke out between two men who were trying to take the same whore. It didn’t last long, one killed the other by cutting his throat and everyone cheered. Will watched as the man licked his opponent’s blood from his fingers and took his prize in front of them.

A hand took his and Hannibal leaned in and whispered “I think it’s best we leave now, William. No one will notice our absence and Chiyoh has requested our presence in her tent.”

...

They walked to the tent, clear smoke rising from the top, and stepped in. Chiyoh has flowers everywhere, all ones he couldn’t identify. The fragrance from the flowers and the smoke was overwhelming. Locked in a cage were two storks, and Will’s handmaiden was in the middle of forming a ring around her with petals.

Will looked at her and then Hannibal and asked “Why are we here?”

Hannibal took the younger man’s hand and gave it a little squeeze. “Chiyoh comes from a special family, William.”

“A noble family?”

She smiled and shook her head. “If we were, I would not be here right now. Our wealth was not riches or power, but magic, from my mothers side. My mother and grandmother taught me everything. I told your husband that I wish to help you. Come.”

Chapter End Notes

I can feel the Baratheon vibes xD...Hannibal Baratheon...Don’t know how I feel about that, but it’s got a ring to it (at least in my mind.) Now the fun part is how I’m gonna write up a completely made up fertility ritual. This’ll be fun lol. And as for the ritual, all I can say is it’s the LAST CHANCE, even with Bedelia being pregnant.

Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

“Remove your clothes and kneel in the circle, facing one another.”

Will blushed as he looked at his new husband, but they both nodded and took their crowns off. Setting them aside, they stripped to nothing and the older man’s eyes fell to Will’s sex. Will wanted the ground to swallow him whole, but he just looked away and they knelt in the circle.

Pouring some wine into a cup, Chiyoh took a knife and cut her finger. Holding it over the cup, she squeezed out a few drops, and took a sip. She didn’t swallow, instead, she turned and spat it at them. Will flinched, but the handmaiden said “For luck.”

Turning to the cage, she opened it and pulled the first stork out. The bird flapped its wings wildly as she tucked it under one arm while grabbing a dagger. Walking over to Hannibal, she started chanting in her native tongue, growling louder and louder by the minute. Now holding the stork up by its neck, she stabbed through where Will assumes is its heart, and dragged down.

Blood and guts fell onto the older man, who closed his eyes, and Chiyoh continued to chant while drawing designs in blood on his face and shoulders. After grabbing the second stork, she did the same to Will, but made him lean back so she could draw one on his stomach.

“Close your eyes and keep them closed. No matter what you hear, and what you feel, do not open them until I say. If we see them, there will be no hope for you.”

They kept their eyes closed for a few minutes and nothing was happening, but they kept them closed. Suddenly the energy in the tent shifted, and it got very cold despite the fire. The handmaiden continued to chant, and Will was sure the whole camp could hear it by now.

Wave after wave of cold air rushed through them, and Will heard whispers. Hundred of them speaking on top of each other, growing louder and louder and it was almost enough to make him open his eyes. But suddenly the voices stopped. The cold went away, and the energy went back to what it was before, but he felt different.

“Open your eyes.”

Will opened his eyes, then Hannibal after him, and he felt like he was getting warmer. When he looked at his husband, Hannibal had this look in his eyes that he’s has never seen before. Stag turned into wolf and the wolf looked at Will as if he were a succulent lamb.

Chills went down the younger man’s spine and Chiyoh said “Spirits have danced with us tonight. Magic flows through you and now you must seal it.” Turning to Hannibal, she said “Take him. Here and now, your seed should take root on the morrow.”

The wolf looked back at the lamb and the lamb nodded before pulling him in. Kissing like lovers separated for years, the fire in Will's body continued to grow by the minute, but he just kept his focus on him. Fingers tangling in the younger man's curls, Hannibal pulled his head to the side, and Will gasped when teeth sank into his neck.

Too high on the magic to feel the pain, Will moaned and pulled back to kiss him again. Chiyoh watched as Will lowered himself onto his back, and the Black Stag settled himself between his thighs.

...

When they woke up the next morning, the smoke had cleared and a crowd had gathered outside of the tent. Sitting up, Will looked down at himself. Dried blood flaked off his skin and he felt sore.

The two looked at each other before Will self consciously pressed his thighs together, hiding from their curious eyes. Hannibal was the first to rise, grabbing Will's clothes off the ground before grabbing his own. He told everyone to leave before they got dressed and he helped the younger man to his feet.

"Are you hurt? Did I hurt you?"

Will shook his head and the older man nodded before kissing his cheek. They walked to Hannibal's together and when they got inside, his husband said "Stay here, I'll have Chiyoh and Fredricka prepare you a bath. Are you sure you are well?"

The younger man nodded and said "A little sore, but I'm fine. Thank you."

The Black Stag nodded and pressed a lingering kiss to his forehead before heading off.

...

No one spoke as Will was scrubbed down in the tub, but he did notice the looks Chiyoh was giving him. "What is it?" His handmaidens stooped and looked up at him, and he sat up higher in the tub. "What? Am I-"

"It is too early to tell."

"Then why are you looking at me like that?"

Chiyoh shook her head and said "I am just praying for you. I've done smaller rituals for him, and nothing seems to work. If this doesn't work, his legacy will fall. You are in everyone's prayers now."

...

One night when Hannibal returned to their tent, something in Will told him exactly what his husband was thinking. Will scooted to the edge of their bed and held a hand out for him. The older man came over and knelt down before him. He took Will's hand and kissed his knuckles before looking up at him.

Hannibal's facial hair was growing. A sudden image of his face between Will's legs, beard scratching his inner thighs sent chills through his body. Was Chiyoh's Magic still affecting him? Possibly. But all Will could care about now was freeing his stag of clothes.

...

Getting off of Hannibal, Will fell next to the older man, and smiled. Hannibal gathered him up in his arms and kissed his forehead. "How did you know?"

Will chuckled and shrugged. "I felt it when you walked in."

The older man smiled and said "Chiyoh is a gifted one then."

Thinking back to what Chiyoh said during his bath, Will looked up and said "She told me she's done a number of rituals for you...They haven't worked?"

Hannibal looked down at him before nodding. "Yes. It seems that I am cursed. I did worship the gods once, I prayed to them often. But with all that I've lost, I've come to learn that the gods are not merciful. That's why they are gods."

Will propped himself up on one elbow and asked "Then why marry me? Why do the ritual, why marry Bedelia, why keep trying when you have lost so much?"

He watched as Hannibal turned his gaze up to the sky and said "Before Bedelia, I had but a few minutes where I held my child in my arms. A boy. I named him Mischa, after my sister. She died a long time ago. It took me a moment to realize that I was holding my world in my arms. He was so beautiful, and even then I knew I would burn this world for him at his command. And I lost him. I lost him and I lost his mother, and I..."

The older man stopped and swallowed. After a moment he looked over at Will and smiled. "Anyone else would have given up after such failure, but after those precious few minutes I shared with him, I knew I wasn't ready to give up. There is still hope, and I would like to raise at least one child before I die. Boy or girl, it doesn't matter, so long as they outlive us. If Bedelia cannot do so, then my family will be with you."

"And If I cannot give that to you?"

Hannibal reached out and stroked the younger man's cheek. "Then my families legacy will die with me. You will always be enough for me, but now is not the time for such thoughts. The magic may work."

...

When Will opened his eyes, his stomach had swollen to an alarming rate. There was no way it could grow so fast. Something moved inside him and suddenly a sharp pain made him cry out. He cried for Hannibal, for anyone, but he was all alone.

He tried to stay calm, taking long, deep breaths, but the pain only grew worse. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he screamed himself hoarse, and something broke through his skin from

the inside. He watched in horror as horns tore through his stomach, growing larger and larger, until it tore him apart.

The last thing Will ever saw was his child, a giant black stag rising to its feet. The stag let out a god awful noise, a sound he never knew existed, before looking down at its mother. Mother and child stared at each other for a lifetime before it finished him off.

Chapter End Notes

Should've called this 'Will And His Chosen Punanni' xD. I wonder if it would have the same result in growth xD.

And can anyone spot the line which is also a reference from a certain person on a certain thing? ;3 <3<3<3.

Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Will kept having that same dream for weeks, and it got to the point to where he was afraid to fall asleep, even with Hannibal by his side.

He told the older man about the dream. And every time he would wake in the dead of night, panting and sweating, Hannibal was always there for him. Will would feel safe and go back to sleep, praying for better dreams.

...

“Have you heard about the Targaryen girl?” Fredricka asked one day while they were walking about the camp.

“No, what about her?”

The redhead smiled. “It seems her Dothraki husband is dead, and she has three dragons.”

Will stopped and looked at her. “Dragons? But...I thought all the dragons were gone.”

Fredricka shook her head and said “We all did, but they say it’s true. Four dragons left in the whole world, three babies and her. When I was little, I dreamt of seeing a dragon. Even though my parents kept telling me they were gone, I would’ve given anything to get the chance to see one. And now she has three, and it would be very easy for her to take back what’s hers.”

Will nodded and smiled. “Maybe if she takes back the Iron Throne, she could let you see them.” Fredricka smiled and suddenly Chiyoh was in front of them. The two looked at her and the look on her face was making him anxious.

...

Later that night Hannibal woke to an empty bed. Wearing only pants, he stepped outside of the tent and looked around, silently thanking the moon for shining bright tonight. Hannibal quickly found Will sitting on the ground, staring up at the moon.

He didn’t turn when the older man approached, or when he sat down beside him. Hannibal stared up at the moon and said “I have always found the moon to be beautiful. The sun too, but unlike the sun, we can stare at the moon as long as we’d like.

As a girl, my mother heard one story about the moon. That long ago, two moons were in the sky instead of one. One had wandered too close to the sun and cracked from its heat. When it fell apart, thousands of dragons came out and they drank its fire.” The older man smiled at the memory and said “It was my favorite story when I was a boy, she told it every night.”

Will smiled and said “I could believe that. Have you heard of the Targaryens?”

“Who hasn’t?”

The younger man looked over at him and said “The other day, Fredricka told me Daenerys Targaryen has dragons. Three of them, alive and well as we speak. And it’s only a matter of time before she takes back the Iron Throne.”

This came as a surprise to Hannibal, because he, like everyone else in the world, believed that all dragons died centuries ago. He smiled at his wife and said “Then she will certainly succeed.”

The younger man nodded and looked back up at the moon. “Can you imagine it? Growing up hearing stories about something that’s been gone for centuries, alive and well right before your eyes?”

Hannibal nodded and said “It would be beautiful. Unless, of course, the creature wants to eat you.”

Will laughed and the older man found it so endearing. Silence fell over them after that, lasting a lifetime before the younger man spoke. “I’m pregnant.”

...

Before Will could ask her what was wrong, she leaned in and whispered “A child is inside of you.”

Will was speechless, and it seems he wasn’t the only one. The redhead looked at him with wide eyes and he prayed no one else heard him. Blinking, he asked “Are you...Are you sure?”

“Yes. I felt it the minute I came out of my tent. You missed your blood, have you not?”

Will nodded, but hadn’t even thought about it. All he could focus on lately was Hannibal, the nightmares, and if he could be the one to break his husband’s curse. “You are changing. Things will not be easy for a long time, but we will take care of you.”

Nodding again, Will said “Please don’t tell him or anyone else. I want him to hear it from me.”

...

Will was obsessing about how he would break the news to his husband. He’s had many opportunities to do so, but every time he opened his mouth, the words wouldn’t come out. He almost did one night while they got ready for bed, but quickly decided it wasn’t the right time. But he knows he can’t hide it forever.

...

Will looked over at the older man and this time, the words came out. "I'm pregnant."
Hannibal quickly looked over at him, eyes wide, and Will smiled.

The Black Stag moved closer to him, almost anxious to touch him when he asked "Are you certain?" Will nodded and leaned back as one hand touched his stomach. His movements were so light, as if Will would shatter at any moment, and the younger man couldn't help but smile.

"Chiyoh...When did she-"

"The other day. Every chance I had to tell you, I couldn't. And I didn't want to hide it from you any longer."

Still in shock, Will reached up and petted the older man's hair. Hannibal's dark eyes met his and his face lit up with the most beautiful smile. Pulling him in for a deep kiss, the older man then pressed their foreheads together and sighed. "You are so beautiful." They laughed and kissed again before Hannibal looked down at the hand on his wife's stomach.

"And you are so beautiful. We hope you will stay with us, and if you do, I will thank the gods. With every blessed breath you take, I will thank them."

He leaned down and kissed all over Will's stomach through his shirt before saying "If you want it, this world will be yours. If you wish to take the Iron Throne one day, or burn everything to the ashes, you can. If you wish to be kind and strong like your mother, and do harm to no one, you can. But if you get to stay with us, we will always love you."

He placed one final kiss on his stomach before kissing the younger man's lips again. After that they hugged and Will smiled. "It's strange. Every day for seventeen years, I feared my secret being discovered. I felt like a monster. That one day I'd be killed, either by my mother or father, or someone else, and here I am. I have you and I have this life growing inside me, and...I want it, I want it more than anything. I want our child to live and grow and be so beautiful."

"And they will. If I have to give everything and more just so our child could live, I will give it. All we can do now is wait." Will nodded and closed his eyes as Hannibal kissed his forehead.

They sat there for an hour after that. Will's head lying against Hannibal's shoulder, the older man playing with his curls, it was peaceful. "So much has happened as of late. War has been waged. A boy is crowned king and kills the Warden of the North. The last Targaryen gives life to three of the most powerful creatures in creation after centuries of supposed extinction. And I have taken another wife who now carries my child. Life never ceases to amaze, does it?"

...

That night, Will's dreams were different. Instead of his child tearing him apart, he dreamt himself as a stag. Not black like Hannibal, but white. The white stag found its mate in a clearing, frolicking with their little one. The little one was a girl. Brown, beautiful, and so full

of energy. Hannibal could hardly keep up with her, and if Will could smile, his face would be hurting.

When they spotted him, they broke into a gallop and chased after him. Together they ran through the endless sea of grass, without a care in the world. He would gladly have this dream for the rest of his life.

Chapter End Notes

Alrighty so I'm back after a break lol. I'm so excited cause we have one episode left until we're done with Hannibal (we could've finished it last night, but my mother wanted something else cause she's growing to hate the show, mostly my fault cause I keep going on about Hannigram, but she just doesn't like it. Which sucks, but she can have her opinion.) AND I'M SO EXCITED AND ANXIOUS EVEN THOUGH I SAW THE ENDING ON YOURUBE BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE CAUSE WHY WOULD I WANT TO BE SURPRISED?! xD.

And now we have Willy Nilly adjusting to married life and a little stag bun in his special oven :3 ❤️❤️. And unlike Daenerys and Khal Drogo, which I obviously made them out to be minus the obvious, since he's known Hannibal for almost his whole life, it would be easier for him to be used to Hannibal, but just in a different way. And I'm glad I wrote it this way instead of just having them meet line Dany and Drogo, and him be scared shitless like she was, but he was scared, but and Chiyoh said, the Black Stag is always kind to his wives, even when they're forced into the marriage. He could be the devil to everyone else, but he always loves his wives, Will in particular, and not just because of his "special flower" ❤️❤️❤️. (And this chapter will be a little short.)

Chapter 5

The night was rather chilly, but Will and Hannibal made the best of it while under the furs. The older man moved behind him at an agonizingly slow pace, and though Will always appreciates how gentle he is with him, lately it's become a slight annoyance.

Reaching back to grip Hannibal's wrist Will licked his lip and said "You can go faster. I won't break."

Hannibal answered by pulling almost completely out and slamming right back in, making Will gasp. The older man smiled and said "I know you won't. But I cannot help but to tease you." One calloused hand moved down the soft skin of Will's growing belly, to his weeping cock, and came to rest between his soaked lips.

Will moaned and Hannibal licked a stripe up his neck until he reached his ear. "You are especially beautiful like this, my love. And though the teasing is always fun, you know I would never want to leave you unsatisfied."

...

Will is four months along now, and though everything is going well, they know that it could change at any moment. With Will on his fourth month and Bedelia heading into her seventh, everyone was anxious to see if their leaders dreams of a family would come true.

He's tried to talk to Bedelia before, but she barely even looks at him. So he was surprised when she invited him to eat with her in her tent one day.

When he walked in, she was already eating, and his food was waiting for him. She looked up at her guest and said "Hello, William. Sit. This duck is simply marvelous." Before cutting another piece.

He came over and pulled his seat out before carefully sitting. Putting one hand on his stomach, he looked down at the bird and said "One thing that confuses me sometimes is though we are known for feasting on humans, we still feast on animals."

"My husband-Forgive me, *our* husband, believes that all meat is a gift. The gods have blessed us with such gifts and it would be rude to let it all go to waste. Eat."

Will started eating and after a period of awkward silence, Bedelia spoke. "What do you think you are having?"

Looking down at his stomach, he laid his hand back on it and felt the first kick. Though he smiled, he was sad because Hannibal missed it.

"In my dreams, Hannibal and I are stags and we have a little fawn. But I know it's a girl, in the dreams that is." Leaning back in his seat, he smiled and said "But life is full of surprises. If it's a boy, Hannibal's legacy carries on-"

The blond laughed and said “You still have so much to learn, child.” Before snapping at her handmaiden for more water. The girl jumped into action and poured her some, then turned to Will.

“Yes, thank you.” Before holding his cup up. She filled it and Bedelia sent her away.

“As it’s done in Dorne, the first-born child of a great house inherits everything. Elia Martell was the heir to Dorne, and then her brother Doran became heir after she was killed. Though I’m not certain how long this tradition has been going on in our husband’s family, but if you have one daughter and a thousand sons after that, she will rule. And when she dies, then it goes to the first son, and surely you know the rest.”

She brought her cup to her lips and drank, keeping her eyes on him. When she set it down, she said “But if I were you, I would worry about if my child will even make it into this world first. You still have a ways away, and anything can happen.”

Will nodded and said “So do you.”

“Yes, so do I.”

They went back to eating, but Will found he wasn’t very hungry now. “Are you the only wife to not share a tent with your husband?”

The blond shrugged and said “I’m not sure, nor do I care. I’m just doing my duty.”

“Why do you hate him?”

She studied him for a moment, clearly amused, and smiled. “I forget, you’re his precious little flower. Do you love him, little flower?”

Will nodded and she said “How sweet. So nice to be in love. I know everyone is so curious about me. The bitter old shrew. Honestly, I don’t think I’m bitter, but I’ve been wrong before. I come from House Du Maurier. A once prospering house in Highgarden, but it was nowhere near as powerful as House Tyrell. Anyway, it seems my lord husband would rather be in the beds of whores than in his own bed with his lady wife. In ten years, he’s fucked me maybe....Four times.

Then one day after he left a whorehouse, he was killed. Robbers took what money he had on him and I found myself back with my mother and father. At one point I was to go to marry a lord in Riverrun, but on our way, we were attacked by wildlings. While one man was raping me, Hannibal rode up and cut his head in half. Then he killed the rest.

I wanted to run, but he helped me and asked me where I was going. Part of me wanted to tell him to take me to Riverrun, and I should have, but...I didn’t.”

“And why didn’t you?”

The blond sighed and looked down at her stomach. “I don’t know. Perhaps I feared that if I told him to take me to Riverrun, the lord waiting for me could rape me or do the same thing my first husband did. And though Hannibal is a wildling, something in me was fine with

staying with him..." she chuckled and said "Listen to me, I sound insane. I gave up being a highborn lady to be a wildling...Perhaps I am insane.

But he brought me here, and four years later, we were married. He did what he could to make me feel comfortable, and he made it clear that any man who tried to touch me would pay. And here we are. Do I love him? No. Do I hate him? No. He's been good to me, shows concern for me and our child. I don't have any real feelings for him, and he knows it. But I do care about our child. And I'm hoping this curse has died with his last wife. No one can imagine the pain of losing a child, and I would never wish such a thing on anyone."

Will nodded, eyes falling to her stomach. "Neither would I."

Sighing, the blond said "I think I need to rest now. Thank you for coming, Will. This turned out better than I expected." This time when she smiled, it was genuine. "Take care."

She signaled another handmaiden to help him up, but Will politely told declined. "I'm fine, thank you." He got up and just as he was walking away, she called for him.

Will turned and asked "Yes?" And the blonds face softened.

"He really loves you. You'd be a fool to not to see it."

...

Later that night, Will thought about her words. *He really loves you.* Lying on his side, he had to look over his shoulder at his husband. He sat there and watched as the older man slept, the hand on Will's stomach occasionally stroking it. *You'd be a fool not to see it.*

He wanted to turn and face him better, but didn't want to wake him. Instead he smiled and closed his eyes, dreaming of frolicking with his stag and fawn.

...

One night they were sleeping and one of Bedelia's handmaidens ran into the tent. The girl shook Hannibal awake, speaking way too fast until they both woke up. When the older man finally managed to calm her down, the girl panted and said "Your wife...She's having the baby now."

Hannibal and Will looked at each other before Hannibal threw the furs off of him. "Stay here. I'll be back soon." He quickly got dressed, kisses the top of the younger man's head and followed her out.

...

Will tried to go back to sleep, but kept waking up every hour. Hannibal left with the girl five hours ago, and they still weren't back. Deciding he couldn't go back to sleep, he carefully got up and dressed modest enough before heading out.

It was quiet when he reached Bedelia's tent. Will walked in and saw that her handmaidens, Will's handmaidens, and a few men surrounded her. Bedelia laid dead on top of her furs, eyes

fixed up at nothing. When he looked down at Hannibal, there was a baby in his arms.

No one dared say a word but when the older man looked up at him, he wore a sad smile. "Hello, my love." Hannibal held the baby up a little for him to see and said "A girl. Would you like to name her?"

The younger man looked down at the baby, sleeping peacefully in her father's arms. It sent chills down his spine knowing she was moving. After a few minutes, he reached out and touched what little hair she had. "Mischa."

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